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What Really Happened on Friday the Thirteenth



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Chapter 1 by Mostafa Shalan

Today was Friday, November 13th and I was helping my family move all of the camping gear into the car. My family had planned a one day vacation in Camp Crystal Lake. "LET'S HIT THE ROAD!" My dad exclaimed. As I entered the car, butterflies started to form in my stomach.... I felt as if something bad was going to happen.... Something strange.

On the way there, we sang traditional songs. Couple hours later, my family and I had arrived the at Camp Crystal Lake. It was 8:30. We gathered our items and went to 2 separate cabins; My parents and my sister and I. We got ready for bed and went to sleep. As I was sleeping, I had woken up 2:30 A.M. from a loud scream. I look beside me and I saw that my sister was missing from her bed. I went around the cabin to see if I could find her. She was nowhere in sight. Then I came to a conclusion that she had left the cabin. I was still not sure why. The butterflies were churning as danger was nearby. My heart felt as if it were beating ten times faster than it originally was. "Should I take the risk and sprint to my parents' cabin?" I thought to myself. As of that, I saw two large shadows outside the door. "Oh no," I exclaimed in my thoughts, "The kidnapper's coming back to take me. I better hi..." Next thing I knew, the cabin door flew open....

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